

Echoes, Silence, Patience & Grace

by dudelove85

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Summary: Fourteen years ago Cosima Niehaus lost her childhood sweetheart in a tragic accident. Just when Cosima thought her life couldn't get any stranger she bumps into Clara Oswald, a woman who looks exactly like her old girlfriend, sending her off on a trip down memory. Her first instinct is that Clara is the result of another cloning project. If only the truth was that simple...

1. Blast From The Past

_Chapter 1 " Blast From The Past _

Nestling on the banks of Lake Ontario, the Canadian city of Toronto was enjoying a bright, sunny day. There was barely a breeze in the air so the people walking through the Downtown area were surprised to be hit with a sudden gust of air that seemed to circulate down the street. A couple of people could hear a metallic sound, similar to a chain grinding across a set of gears but they paid no attention to the noise. If they had looked carefully, they would've seen a 1960's style British Police Box materialising out of nowhere down a narrow side alley.

The Police Box solidified in the alley and moments later, a young man flung the door open, "Ah sunny Rio", he said cheerfully and stepped outside. He was dressed in a dark pair of trousers, blue shirt and a dark waistcoat. Thrown over his clothes was a dark purple velvet dress coat that he smoothed out with each step. He paused at the end of the alley and adjusted his bowtie, "If we're quick we should be able to get a place on the beach", he added, brushing his floppy brown hair away from his eyes.

Another person stepped out of the box and closed the door behind them, a young woman in her mid twenties. She had shoulder length brown hair with a slight kink that hung loose around her shoulders. The woman was wearing a red dress that stopped just below her knees. This was teamed with a dark pair of tight and flat ankle boots. A

grey hooded cardigan and her trusty red shoulder bag completed her look. "Funny", she began, "I would've thought Rio would be a little warmer". She rubbed her arms, even with the extra layer she was still feeling the cold.

"Must be an atmospheric disturbance", the man brushed off her concerns, "localised ionic storm, oversize cloud, something like that", he waived his hands around with each word, "trust me Clara, I've got this right this time".

"That's what you said the other three times", Clara replied, sighing with exasperation. She joined her travelling companion and took a good look at the city. They had landed in the commercial area of the city. The retail buildings hung close the pedestrian street, giving the illusion of a canyon made out of concrete and glass. Clara paused and inspected the large structure that loomed over. She chuckled to herself and shook her head, "Correct me if I'm wrong Doctor but isn't Rio overlooked by the statue of Christ the Redeemer".

"Course it is", The Doctor replied, "I was there when they laid the foundation stone", he reminisced, "the architect still owes me a hundred pesos and a chicken". He clapped his hands together and smiled, "I really need to stop gambling with poultry, becoming a bit of a habit".

"Not to burst your bubble chin boy", Clara snorted, "but we're not in Rio".

"Don't be ridiculous", he turned round to face the brunette woman, "what makes you say-". His voice trailed off when he spotted the same structure Clara had noticed. It was a concrete and steel spire that stretched hundreds of feet into the air, interrupted by a bulbous glass platform three quarters of the way up, "Well who put that there", he chuckled, running his hands through his hair in embarrassment.

"That's the CN Tower", Clara pointed at the structure, "which means we're in Toronto, not Rio".

"Always did have a problem with Rio", The Doctor mumbled to himself, "but this is good, I know a fantastic pancake house in this time period. The owner used some special imports from the third moon of Durillo, makes the dish just come alive".

Clara had tuned out The Doctor's ramblings, focusing instead on a discarded newspaper on a nearby bench. She took one look at the date and turned sharply back towards her friend, "Yeah I don't think that place you're talking about is open". Clara slapped the paper against The Doctor's chest, "It's May 23rd 2014, not only have you lost Rio but you've missed the twenty third century by three hundred years". She rolled her eyes and began backing away down the street, "Basically you've brought me somewhere I could've reached by plane".

The Doctor dropped the paper on the ground, "Oops", he whispered, "Clara wait, I can make this up to you". He tried to catch up with Clara but she was walking at a furious pace, forcing him to break into a jog.

This was one of the problems when you were a wonderer in the fourth

dimension, sometimes you took a wrong turning in the Time Vortex and missed your destination by several hundred years. The Doctor was an alien, the last of the Time Lords from the planet Gallifrey. His companion, Clara Oswald, was a school teacher living in London. Together they travelled through time and space in a machine called the TARDIS, or a snog box as Clara once nicknamed it.

The relationship between the pair was an interesting one. From Clara's point of view, everything between them was purely platonic. She did have eyes though and sometimes her gaze did linger on the Time Lord for a little longer than necessary. Sometimes Clara caught him looking back in return and if she was honest, she enjoyed the attention. The Doctor though was bad boyfriend material, he was easily the most eccentric person that she had ever met. That was fascinating to a point but it wasn't the basis of a romantic relationship. The Time Lord was her best friend and that's all he would ever be to her. Whether he thought any differently, that was a topic she hadn't really brought up with him.

As the pair moved briskly toward the corner of an intersection, they were on a collision course with another woman. She was a similar size to Clara, maybe an inch or two taller. Like the British woman she was wearing a dark red dress and dark tights. She had a black coat but this was unbuttoned at the waist. Her brown hair was matted together into dreadlocks that were tied back into a bun. She had a pink coloured mobile phone pressed against her ear, "Don't worry about me Felix, I'm just getting some fresh air", she spoke down the phone with a soft American accent.

"_You don't need to tell me that Cos", _the man on the other end of the phone responded with a heavy British accent, "_but Sarah asked me to check up on you". _

Cosima Niehaus pushed her dark framed glasses up and rubbed her eyes, making sure not to smudge her heavy eye makeup, "_It's just a walk around the block, I need to get out of DYAD Headquarters for a while. No need for Sarah to call the cavalry and come charging in with all guns blazing".

Felix sighed audibly down the phone, "_I know that but she worries about you", _he paused for a moment before adding, "_we all do Cos, especially with your illness you should really be taking it easy".

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"Nothing about our life is easy Felix", Cosima replied sadly. That was a major understatement from the woman. She was the result of a cloning project run during the early 80's, an extreme experiment to test the nature versus nurture theory. She had grown up in San Francisco, totally ignorant of her cloned status until she had accidentally stumbled across this piece of information a few years ago. It was a lot for the young woman to take it, discovering that you're not completely unique in the world.

To help her come to terms with her cloned biology, she had reached out to two other clones. The first one she encountered was a Detective named Beth Childs in the Canadian city of East York. Beth introduced her to another clone, Alison Hendrix who lived in a nearby city. Despite sharing the same DNA, the three women were completely different from each other. Beth was a fitness fanatic and a workaholic whereas Alison was a suburban 'Soccer Mom' with two

adopted children.

In contrast to Beth and Alison, Cosima was more a free spirit. Her adopted parents were extremely liberal, turning a blind eye to her recreational marijuana habit along with the string of questionable relationships she had during her late teens and early twenties. Cosima had sexual relationships with both men and women, preferring to love the person rather than focusing on what gender they were. She was also a gifted scientist and until a few months ago she had been an honour student at the University of Minnesota.

It was about that time when everything began to unravel. Firstly Beth committed suicide, unable to cope with the knowledge of being a clone coupled with the news that someone was killing off her fellow clones across Europe. Shortly after this another clone, Sarah Manning, came crashing into her life and the rollercoaster ride truly began. The company currently running the cloning project, DYAD, had set their sights on Sarah's daughter. Things were complicated by the fact that DYAD was sponsoring Cosima's PhD. That should've created a conflict of interest but her loyalties were firmly with the women she had come to identify as her sisters. Sarah's foster brother, Felix Dawkins, rounded out the motley crew they had dubbed 'Clone Club'.

If life wasn't already complicated enough, Cosima had recently been struck down with a debilitating lung condition. The cloning process had been flawed and her lung tissue was literally breaking down. Despite her hours of research, Cosima had yet to find a cure and time was running out. The periods between painful coughing fits were getting shorter and she could feel herself getting weaker every day. Focusing on her research kept her mind away from her own mortality but Cosima was beginning to get desperate. The next attack could be her last, she was walking a tight rope and she was close to losing her balance.

Cosima was so focused on her conversation with Felix that she wasn't watching where she was going. Just as she reached the corner, someone bumped straight into her. In her weakened state, Cosima tumbled to the ground, dropping her phone and landing hard on her hands, "Oh my God, I'm so sorry", a soft British voice called out.

"No biggie", Cosima waived her away, "I totally wasn't watching where I was going".

"Still at least let me help you up", the woman attached to the voice crouched down next to Cosima. The dreadlocked woman immediately froze when her eyes met the dark brown eyes of this mystery woman. Her breath caught in her chest as a wave of long forgotten memories washed over her. She recognised that face but she couldn't be here, it was absolutely impossible. "Hello, you still with me", the woman waived her hand in front of Cosima's face.

"Erm, yeah", Cosima managed to stutter, "I'm completely fine", she quickly stood up and grabbed her fallen phone, "look I need to go", she moved as quickly as she could, crossing the street before the woman had a chance to stop her.

"Ah Clara, finally caught up", The Doctor wheezed breathlessly, "what are you doing down there?" he asked when he noticed her crouched down.

Clara watched the woman with dreadlocks hobbling down the street with a frown on her face. The woman had been desperate to get away from her but Clara had absolutely no idea why. It could've been for something she hadn't done yet, one of the downsides of being a time traveller. There was something about the woman though, a familiar sensation but she couldn't quite place her, "Just admiring the view", Clara finally replied.

"Well no time for that", The Doctor dragged Clara to her feet, "it might not be the twenty third century but there must be a decent pancake house in the city somewhere". Clara gave him a weak smile, still distracted by her encounter with that woman.

Across the other side of the street, Cosima moved as quickly as she could but her damaged lungs soon began to burn. She slowed to a stop and bend over, placing her hands on her knees. She glanced behind her and noticed that the woman she had run into was now speaking with a weirdly dressed man. Their conversation was brief until they began to move in the opposite direction. She was so lost in her memories that she had completely forgotten about Felix on the other end of her phone, "_Cos", _he cried, "_are you alright". _

Cosima shakily brought her phone back up to her ear, "Yeah Felix, I'm here".

"_What the hell was happened?" _he asked with a concerned voice, "_I heard a massive crash, I thought you might've had a fit or something". _

"No, just bumped into someone on the street", she replied absentmindedly.

"_You alright Cos?" _Felix replied, _ "you sound more spaced out than usual". _

Cosima didn't reply for a moment, the eyes of that woman had taken her back to her teenage years. Back in San Francisco during her mid teens she had a girlfriend, someone who fully helped her accept her sexuality. Tragically this girl died when she was still a teenager but Cosima never forgot her, "Felix, did I ever tell you about my first love", she asked.

"_All the time, it's sickening really", _Felix said with a hint of humour in his voice, _"bad enough I had to see you lezzing it up with Frenchie but to hear you going on about what you and Cassandra use to get up to- "_

"Cassie", Cosima interrupted him, "she preferred to go by Cassie", she drifted away for a moment before whispering, "Cassie Oswald". She had come across several mysteries in the last couple of years but this one topped the lot. This mystery woman was identical to Cassie, except that she was about ten years older. Could they have another batch of clones wondering around the planet?

_**A/N â€" **_Ever had an idea that literally dominates your thought process and the only way to get it out of your head is to commit it to paper? This is exactly what happened with this story. Basic premise is that one of Clara's echoes was Cosima's childhood sweet who died many years ago and what would happen if the real Clara crashed back into town. Setting is post "Day Of The Doctor" for

Doctor Who and towards the end of season 2 of Orphan Black. I do plan on adding more chapters but it will be sporadic. Enjoy. _

2. The Ballard of Connie Oswald

Chapter 2 – The Ballard of Connie Oswald

After getting off the phone with Felix, Cosima didn't feel like going back to work straight away. Instead she headed straight for her friend's apartment a few minutes away from the Downtown area. Felix had gone out since hanging up the phone but fortunately Cosima had a key and was able to let herself in. She sat alone surrounded by several paintings Felix had done of herself, Sarah, Alison and their errant _sestra _Helena. The encounter with the woman that looked like her former childhood sweetheart had stirred up several long forgotten feelings inside the PhD student. It had taken her a long time to get over Cassie death and seeing that woman had opened up that old wound. Cosima tugged idly at her dreads, wondering if she had truly gotten over her loss.

Cosima wasn't sure how long she had been sitting on Felix's uncomfortable couch before she summoned up the strength to get to her feet. She felt a little light headed for a moment, swaying gently on the spot. Once she was confident that she was going to stay upright, Cosima went to one of the cupboards and retrieved a large wine glass. Her next step was to rummage through Felix's fridge to find something appropriate to drink. She found an opened bottle of white wine and gave it a quick sniff to make sure it was still safe to consume. Cosima poured herself a healthy amount of alcohol and took a long sip from the glass. She probably shouldn't be drinking at this time of day, probably not at all with the amount of medication she was taking. Right now though she didn't care, alcohol was just what she needed to numb the raw emotional wound that had been opened up.

With half the glass gone, Cosima dropped back onto the sofa with a heavy plop. She began twisting her fingers together, an old habit from her childhood. Whenever she was feeling nervous or vulnerable, she would play around with her hands. It was Cassie who told her to turn that little habit into a positive. Now whenever Cosima was talking passionately about something, her hands would wave around uncontrollably. Contrary to what everyone else thought, this trait helped her overcome any anxiety she had. At this moment in time she needed to do something, anything to keep her hands occupied.

Reaching down to the side of the sofa, she found her colourfully decorated laptop. She booted it up and immediately when to the photograph section on her hard drive. The first picture she opened up was one of her and Cassie together. It was taken on December 26 1999, just six days before Cassie died. Cosima had to smile at the picture, her hair lacked her trademark dreads instead she had a number of braids with colourful beads woven in, "God what was I thinking", Cosima chuckled at her sixteen year old self's fashion sense.

Her attention then turned towards Cassie and almost instinctively, she rubbed her thumb against her cheek. The girl on the screen did look slightly different to the woman she had bumped into today. Cassie's hair was a slightly lighter colour with a few blonde streaks, as was the fashion in the late nineties. Her face was a

little broader but any amount of weight loss could've given her the same features as the other woman.

She clicked through a few more pictures from their last Christmas together. Most of them were of the young couple unwrapping their presents but one in particular stood out. Cassie had her hand placed gently on Cosima cheek and was smiling warmly. It was the look that she was giving Cosima, so full of warmth and love, that really got to Cosima. As she wiped a tear away from her cheek, the scientist realised that she still missed Cassie.

"Oi you cheeky bugger", Felix's voice rang out in the apartment, "who said you could drink my booze?" Cosima didn't turn around, instead her shoulders began to shudder slightly as her tears began to fall a little harder. Felix's face immediately softened and he placed his bag on the floor before joining Cosima on the couch, "Hey, don't cry Cos", he placed an arm around her shoulder and kissed her on the temple. At first it was weird, meeting several women with the same face as his foster sister but Felix had grown to care for all the clones. Now he counted himself lucky that he was several sister's in his life.

"Sorry Felix", Cosima wiped her tears away, "I don't know why this had gotten to me so much". She dried the last of her tears with the end of her sleeve, "It was nearly fifteen years ago, I should be over this by now".

Felix patted her on the knee, "If you wanna talk then I'm all ears".

Cosima gave him a watery smile, "Thanks", she began, "this might come as a surprise to you but I wasn't the most popular kid at school".

"Really", Felix placed his hand against his chest in an exaggerated fashion, "popular kids are mean to the smart one, what a newsflash", he added sarcastically.

Cosima had to laugh at the man's antics, "Yeah and that was before they found out I was into chicks, so you can imagine the hell my life was when they did". She took a deep breath and continued, "Cassie was in the grade above me and one day she comes across me in the halls getting picked on by the cheerleaders".

"Lemme guess", Felix replied, "big butch Cassie threatens to kick all of their arses".

"Cassie wasn't butch", she finds a picture of the two of them standing together. Cassie was a few inches shorter than Cosima with a similar build, "She had this intensity about her, the words she said had real weight behind them. Just one look from little Cassie was enough to send them running". She smiled at the memory of their first meeting, it was hilarious watching the popular cheerleaders running for cover from a girl barely over five foot tall. "We got talking and I discovered she liked girls as well", she shrugged, "guess the rest is history".

Felix quickly snatched the wine glass out of Cosima's hand, talking a swig for himself before handing it back, "What happened to her Cos?"

Cosima hesitated for a moment before answering, "It was New Year's Eve 1999, we were at her place and we just had the most amazing-", Felix coughed and shook his head, "right, sorry you probably want to hear about that". She glanced back at her laptop and continued, "It was just before midnight and suddenly she tells me that she had to go. I begged her to stay but she insists on leaving, even offered to go with her. Cassie told me that she would be fine", her voice trailed off, the pain of recalling these memories was etched on her face. "I got a call from her parents the following morning, she never made it home. Next thing I know the SFPD turn up on my doorstep, apparently Cassie got caught up in some freak electrical storm and was killed instantly".

"Cos I'm so sorry", Felix said softly.

"The Police ruled it an accident", Cosima continued, "but even they couldn't explain fully the circumstances of her death". She paused to find another picture on her computer. It was a grainy security camera image of a man with curly hair in his mid thirties. Felix frowned slightly, the man must've come from a costume party as he was dressed like a Victorian gentleman, "This man was seen in the same area that Cassie died but no one could find him afterwards. It was like he just disappeared into thin air".

Felix leaned back in his seat, someone about this was sounding suspicious, "I kept a record of the police reports, even found a copy of the death certificate signed by a Doctor Grace Holloway", Cosima added, "but everyone just kept telling me I was grieving".

"Now you know about Project Leda, you suspect there's more to her death than meets the eye", Felix filled in the gaps himself.

Cosima nodded, "Maybe I'm just being paranoid", she snorted, "getting hounded by DYAD for months does kinda mess with your head", she downed the rest of her wine in one gulp.

"Hey easy with that", Felix snatched the glass away from her head and placed it on the floor. He noticed the slumped body language of the dreadlocked woman and could almost feel the maelstrom of emotions rolling off her. He reached for his bag and hesitated for a moment about showing her the contents. It could give her some closure or it could drive her even further down the conspiracy theory route. "Cos I've got some pictures for you", he decided it was best not to hide this information from her, "traffic camera pictures from the spot where you bumped into your mystery woman".

The scientist slowly took them from him, "How did you get hold of these so quickly?"

"Best not to ask", Felix gave her a cheeky smile, "but let's just say I enjoyed every minute of it", he added with a wiggle of his eyebrows. Slightly disturbed by her friend's tactics, she slowly turned away from him and compared the traffic camera photos to the one's she had of Cassie. There was no doubt about it, these two were identical, "Too much to hope for that Cassie had a long lost twin sister?" Felix asked.

"After the year we've had, that would be too much to ask", Cosima sighed. Their discussion was interrupted by Cosima's phone ringing.

The moment she checked the caller ID, her heart sank, "Great, that's all I need", she groaned.

Felix looked over her shoulder, "Burgh, she who must not be named", she said with disgust.

Cosima steeled herself for a moment before answering the call, "Hello".

"_Cosima, taking an extremely long lunch break are we?"_ a cold and clipped English voice said down the phone.

"Sorry Rachel I wasn't feeling too well", Cosima rubbed her eyes, that wasn't a total lie, "I thought Scottie was going to tell you".

"_I would've preferred to hear it from you", _the woman replied, _"but since you're sounding much better know, I trust you're going to rejoin us shortly". _Without waiting for a reply the woman hung up, leaving Cosima in no doubt that her presence was demanded and non negotiable.

"The Ice Queen has spoken", Cosima groaned and slowly stood up, "do me a favour Felix, don't mention this to Alison or Sarah. I don't want to freak them out until I've got more information".

Felix reluctantly nodded his head in agreement, "Alright Cos, whatever you want". Cosima smiled and slowly left the apartment, sliding the door shut behind her.

Across the city in DYAD Headquarters, Rachel Duncan reclined slightly in her chair. Her office was a little bit like the woman herself, cold and clinical. Everything about her was immaculate, down to the crisp lines on her skirt suit and her angular bob hairstyle. Like Cosima and the others, Rachel was a Project Leda clone but she was the one in charge of the project for DYAD. Over the last few weeks, she had come into conflict with Sarah Manning over the rebellious clone's daughter. Rachel wanted Kira for research purposes, something that Sarah stated would only happen 'over her dead body'. Rachel was reluctant to take Sarah's statement literally but if she kept defying her company, then she might just be forced to make that happen.

Almost the moment she hung up the phone on Cosima, her company assigned monitor stepped into her office. Paul Dierdan was a powerfully built man, a former United States Army officer now under the employment of DYAD. Previously he was the monitor of another clone, Beth Childs, until her untimely suicide. Now Paul reported directly to Rachel, "I trust you have news", Rachel said coldly.

Paul didn't acknowledge the statement, choosing instead to place a series of images on Rachel's desk, "Looks like Cosima ran into someone in the street". They were images of Cosima running into Clara before fleeing down the street, "She doesn't have contact with anyone after this until she enters the apartment of Sarah's brother about ten minutes later".

Picking up the photos, Rachel examines the mystery man and woman closely, "Who are they?" she asks.

"The man we have nothing on", Paul replies. Rachel lowers the photo and glares at the man, "We've run checks against every database and through every agency possible, FBI, NSA, CIA, MI5, Interpol the lot, he does not exist".

"Curious", Rachel states, inspecting the image of The Doctor closely. His clothes were horribly unfashionable for a man of his age, further adding to the mystery, "And his companion?"

"Clara Oswald", Paul stated, pulling out a piece of paper, "27 years old, born in Blackpool, England and currently living in London. She's employed as a school teacher at Coal Hill Academy for the last year with no criminal record". Paul paused for a moment before adding, "There's two unusual things to mention, firstly there's no record of her entering the country".

Rachel sat up a little straighter, "That isn't possible".

"Immigration and the British Foreign Office confirmed it", Paul replied and that's not all. He opened up his file and laid out some more pictures, "When we ran a facial recognition search, we got multiple hits".

Rachel fanned out the images and was startled by what she found. There were five different pictures of Clara Oswald but spread out by several decades. Two were from the seventies and a couple more from the 1980's. There was another picture dated from the late nineteenth century and finally a more recent picture from 2000. In each picture the woman was exactly the same, not even a shared family relationship could explain the similarity, "That's will do for now", Rachel stated softly. Paul hesitated for a moment until Rachel looked him straight in the eye, "I said leave", she barked.

Paul glared back in response before turning around sharply and leaving Rachel alone in the office. She inspected the pictures a little closer, nothing could explain why these women all looked the same. Given the dates involved, another clone project could almost be ruled out. Rachel inspected the picture dated 2000 and she noticed that this was taken from an autopsy report from the San Francisco Police Department. It was then she remembered that Cosima lived in San Francisco at the time and would've been a similar age as this girl was at her date of death. The fact that a similar looking woman had bumped into Cosima today couldn't be a coincidence. She dropped the photo and leaned back in her chair, "I think it's time I found out who this Clara Oswald really is", she said with a cruel smirk.

__**A/N **__â€" Anyone who doesn't watch Orphan Black regularly, the narrative states that Cosima was raised in San Francisco and born in April 1984 which makes her fifteen at the turn of the millennium. In case you didn't guess Cassie Oswald died saving the Eighth Doctor during the events of the 1996 TV movie. Back to Eleven and Clara next time. _

3. If Everybody Looked The Same

_Chapter 3 â€"If Everybody Looked The Same...

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Despite not ending up in the place she wanted to visit, Clara actually found herself enjoying Toronto more than she expected. The city was similar to her adopted home city of London, only much smaller. The people were extremely friendly and as The Doctor promised, they had filled themselves to the brim with the best pancakes the city had to offer. After a quick trip up the CN Tower, the pair returned to the TARDIS only to travel a few miles outside of the city centre. Clara recalled that Toronto had a fantastic library in the suburban area of the city which she had wanted to visit for some time.

The pair exited the TARDIS and found themselves on the edge of a park where a group of children were playing soccer, or football as the English native Clara called it, "Ah the beautiful game", The Doctor rubbed his hands together, "did I ever tell you about the time I played for a pub team?"

"I'm staggered that you actually ventured into a pub", Clara replied sarcastically. The Time Lord launched into a details story involving some guy called Craig and a house that appeared to have two floors when in actual fact, it was concealing a hidden spaceship. The school teacher nodded and smiled in the correct places but she wasn't paying full attention. She was distracted by the woman she had bumped into earlier that day. Clara was sure that she knew her from somewhere and she had spent almost every moment since wracking her brain trying to work out how she knew the dreadlocked brunette.

Her first thought was that she had met her at University but the bespectacled woman didn't sound British. She was either a native Canadian or American, Clara always had trouble telling those two accents apart. Clara had only travelled across the Atlantic once and that was for a two week sightseeing trip to New York. The school teacher was almost positive that she hadn't met the woman there. It was really beginning to eat away at her because she was almost certain that she had met the dreadlocked brunette before, "Hello, are you listening?" The Doctor's voice snapped her back to the present.

"Erm", Clara looked at the bow tie wearing man nervously, "yeah, you were saying how you won the game for your team singlehandedly", she added more in hope than anything.

The Doctor looked at his companion for a moment before smiling, "Good, just checking". Clara breathed a sigh of relief, the last thing she wanted to do was wonder around the city with a sulking alien for the next few hours. By now the pair had reached the edge of the pitch where the children were practicing, "See that Clara", he pointed at one of the children, "I would've beaten him easily".

"Not so loud Doctor", Clara hissed, feeling the glares from several annoyed parents boring into her, "remember we're in a public place".

"I'm just offering them some tip from my own personal experience", the Time Lord replied.

Clara stared at him blankly for a moment, "From your one game of Sunday league football?" she asked dryly.

"I've had more experience than thank you", he straightened out his bow tie, "I scored the decisive goal in the 2066 World Cup Final, ended England's hundred years of hurt". He paused and a frown appeared on his face, "Shame they disqualified the team because I wasn't an eligible player". Clara shook her head but couldn't resist chuckling at her friend's story. They watched the practice session for a few more minutes with the Time Lord his 'wisdom' on the team performance. Clara hung her head, hoping that her hair would cover her embarrassment at The Doctor's antics as the angry murmuring from the assembled parents increased, "Use your head", he shouted, "honestly, who coaches this team".

"That would be me", an annoyed female voice called out from behind the pair. The woman was dressed in a pair of tight black leggings, a long sleeved pink top teamed with a white padded gilet. Most of her shoulder length brown hair was kept out of her face with a hair band except for a small section that formed a fringe. Clara was about to apologise for The Doctor's behaviour until she noticed that his woman looked exactly the same as the one she bumped into earlier that day, "If you're not going to observe quietly then I will have to ask you to leave", the woman added with a severe tone.

"Sorry", The Doctor began in a tone that suggested he wasn't sorry at all, "I was only trying to help".

"Well don't", the coach snorted, "what do you know about soccer anyway?"

"I don't like to brag but I did teach Brian Clough everything he knows", The Doctor stood up a little taller, "good man was old big head if a little arrogant, thought he knew better than me".

"Yeah fancy that", Clara grabbed the Time Lord and pushed him to one side, "sorry about my friend, I think he was dropped on his head as a child". The woman's expression didn't change, her glare was fixed on The Doctor as she tried to work out if he was lying or insane, "I'm Clara by the way", she held out her hand to the coach.

"Alison", she shook the school teacher's hand lightly, "Alison Hendrix", she added. "Please keep your friend under control, I'm not in the mood to deal with angry parents today".

Clara smiled in response, "That why I'm his carer", The Doctor looked at her, slightly offended at the suggestion. The school teacher took a couple of moments to assess the woman in front of her. Like the dreadlocked woman from earlier, Alison was a native of North American. Everything else though was completely different from the clothes they wore down to the way they held themselves. The woman earlier was very relaxed whereas Alison was stiff and tense. Clara was convinced they weren't the same person which led her to another question, "This might sound crazy but do you have a twin sister?"

Almost immediately Alison stiffened up even more than she already was, "I don't have a sister", she said extremely quickly, looked around nervously in the process.

"Then you must have a doppelganger or something", Clara continued, "she looked exactly the same, expect she had a nose ring and an

awesome set of dreads-

"I told you, I don't have a sister", Alison practically shrieked to the shock of everyone around her. Even The Doctor was now looking at the soccer coach with interest, "If you're going to cause trouble then I must insist that you leave", she stomped off towards the changing room that were about fifty feet away, "now", she added with a shrill tone.

The two time travellers stared disbelievingly at the retreating coach, flabbergasted by her extremely reaction, "Wow who put a stick up her arse", Clara snorted. The Doctor looked around quickly and shook the sleeve of his jacket. His sonic screwdriver slid down his arm and into his waiting hand, "Hey, its rude to sonic people behind their back", the school teacher reminded him.

The Doctor ignored her thought and quickly took a reading of the brunette, "Definitely human", he murmured, "nothing abnormal other than some extremely high blood pressure". The screwdriver snapped closed and the Time Lord placed it back into his jacket, "Just satisfying my curiosity, that's all", he defended his actions to his companion.

"So you admit there's something strange about them?" Clara asked, "who has such an extreme reaction to being asked if they have a sister?"

"Not everyone gets along with their family Clara", The Doctor sighed, "other than my granddaughter I wasn't particularly close to my family". The school teacher gave him a small smile and rubbed his arm reassuringly, "Come on, we've got a library to visit".

The pair quickly vacated the pitch and returned back the way they came, offering a small apology to the annoyed spectators in the process. They were about to rejoin the path when someone crashing into The Doctor, knocking him off balance, "Sorry mate", a female voice with a British accent mumbled.

"No problem", the Time Lord took another couple of steps until he stopped and looked back at the woman that had bumped into him, "Clara take a look behind you".

Clara slowly turned her head around to get a better look at the woman. She was dressed entirely in black, calf length combat boots, shiny black leggings and a jumper with the hood pulled up over her head. Her arms were buried deep into her pockets and Clara could tell by the way and the amount her head was moving that she was nervous, bordering on paranoid. The woman's head turned back in their direction and some straggly brown hair flicked out of the hood, "You're kidding me", Clara gasped, "there's another one". Like Alison and the woman from downtown, other than cosmetic differences, she was identical, "Now that can't be a coincidence", Clara added and quickly moved to catch up with the woman.

"Clara", The Doctor hissed, "come back", but the school teacher was gone, using the trees as cover to mask herself from view. The woman spotted Alison amongst the crowd and Clara could tell that the soccer coach wasn't pleased to see her. The pair retreated into the changing room as Clara tried to find a good spot to eavesdrop, "What part of 'don't run off' do you humans not understand?"

"Shh", Clara silenced him and pressed her ear closer to the changing room door.

She missed the start of their conversation but Clara could tell by the tension in the British sounding strangers voice that she wasn't happy, "Please Alison, I wouldn't ask if I wasn't desperate".

"Sarah I signed the contract to escape from this freakishness", Alison groaned, "this isn't helping my rehabilitation".

"Fucks sake Alison I'm doing this for all of us", the one now indentified as Sarah spat back, "not just for myself but for you, Cosima, Kira and even Helena". Clara's heart skipped a beat at the name Cosima but she still didn't know why, "I just need you to help S watch over Kira for a couple of hours", there was a brief pause before Sarah continued, "please, I just need to make sure that Helena's alright and that she isn't causing Art too many problems".

"Why do you bother with that psychopath?" Alison snapped, "she tried to kill us, do you remember that?"

"Course I do", Sarah said harshly before sighing loudly, "she's still family though, I thought you of all people would understand that".

Clara couldn't see Alison's reaction but she guessed she was probably thinking hard about the proposal, "Fine, I'll ask Donnie to cancel his plans and stay with Gemma and Oscar tonight".

"Thanks Ali", Sarah replied, "be at S's for around seven yeah". The sound of footsteps could be heard from the other side of the door, forcing Clara to scramble for cover again. She felt a sudden pull on her arm as The Doctor pulled her behind a tree just at the door opened. Sarah stepped out, took a good look around before pulling up her hood. The Time Lord waited for a few moments until he scanned her with his screwdriver. For a moment it looked Sarah had heard them as she stopped in her tracks and looked around. The time travellers crouched down low and the Time Lord shut off his device. With a cautious glance in their direction, Sarah slouched off and out the park.

"Okay that was the weirdest conversation ever", Clara said when she emerged from her hiding place, "ever heard of DYAD before Doctor?" she asked but the Time Lord wasn't paying attention to her, "Doctor?"

"DYAD yes", he replied absentmindedly, tapping his screwdriver against his hand at the same time, "world leaders in genetic research, one of the richest and most powerful companies in the world". He whacked his screwdriver against the tree, "Come on you stupid thing, work".

"Problems?" Clara snatched the sonic device out of his hand, rolling it over in her hand.

The Doctor took the screwdriver back, "Actually yes", he wiggled the device in the direction of his companion, "those two women are giving off similar readings to the Sontarans".

"The same species as Strax", Clara looked past her friend in the direction of Alison, who was now rejoining her team, "they don't look like walking potatoes".

"Exactly but according to this", he thrust the screwdriver in Clara's direction, "they're clones of each other".

Clara frowned for a moment, "Human clones, is that even possible?"

"Shouldn't be", The Doctor replied, "to my knowledge human cloning shouldn't be possible for another hundred years". He placed the sonic device back into his jacket, "Which means either I'm wrong, the sonic's wrong or-".

"We've got a very big problem", Clara sighed. Her thoughts drifted back to the dreadlocked woman, could she had met someone who looked like her, a different clone perhaps, "so what are we going to do?" she asked.

"What I do best when face with a potentially dangerous situation", The Doctor smiled and straightened his bow tie.

"Poke it with a stick?" Clara half asked and the Time Lord nodded in confirmation. She rolled her eyes but smiled on the inside, this was the best part of their travels. Something didn't feel right about this though, a secret hidden cloning project right under their noses. Clara shuddered slightly as she hurried to catch up with The Doctor, she had a very bad feeling about this.

End
file.